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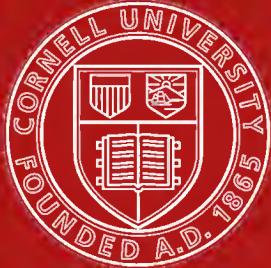
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Ferrex and Porrex OR GORBODUC by thomas



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Ferrer and Dorrex
Ferrer and Dorrex

BY

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

Date of Representation, Christmas Revels 1561-2

Date of Authorised Edition, 1570-1

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Ferrer and Porrer [or Gorboduc]

BY

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

1570-I

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMVIII

MCMVIII

Ferrex and Porrex

[or Corboduc]

BY THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, a. 6). It is dated in the Catalogue “[1570].”

An earlier and unauthorised edition appeared in 1565, the circumstance being alluded to in “The P to the Reader” in the authorised edition.

The authors are exhaustively dealt with in “The Dictionary of National Biography.”

The play has been frequently reprinted in modern times, but never before in facsimile. Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original says, “It is most excellently reproduced, and I have found practically no excuse for even the minutest fault-finding.”

The text is complete, but the Museum Catalogue remarks that their copy is “wanting last leaf of Sig. H, blank.”

JOHN S. FARMER.

The Tragidie of Ferrex
and Porrex,

Set forth without addition or alte-
ration but altogether as the same was shewed
on stage before the Queenes Maiestie,
about nine yeares past, vIZ. the
xviii. day of Ianuarie. 1561.
by the gentlemen of the
Inner Temple.

Seen and allowed. &c.

Imprinted at London by
John Daye, dwelling ouer
Aldersgate.

The argument of the Tragedie.

Gorboduc king of Brittaine, diuided his realme in his life time to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother that more dearely loued the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger. The people moued with the crneltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels. And afterwardes for want of issue of the prince whereby the succession of the crowne became vncertaine, they fell to ciuill warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

¶ The P. to the Reader.

VHere this Tragedie was for furniture of part
of the grand Christmasse in the Inner Temple
first written about nine yeares agoe by the right
honourable Thomas now Lord Buckhurst,
and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her
Maestrie, and never intended by the authoress therof to be publi-
shed: yet one W. G. getting a copie therof at some yongmans
hand that lacked a litle money and much discretion, in the last
great plague. an. 1565. about v. yeares past, while the said Lord
was out of England, and T. Norton farr out of London,
and neither of them both made priue, put it forth exceedingly
corrupted: even as if by meaneſ of a broker for hire, he ſhould
haue entiſed into his houſe a faire maide and done her vilianie,
and after all to beſerachched her face, toze her apparell, berayed
and diſfigured her, and then thrust her out of dozes diſhonesty-
ed. In ſuch plignt after long wandring ſhe came at length home to
the ſight of her frenedes who ſcarce knew her but by a few to-
kenes and markeſ remayning. They, the authoress I meane,
though they were very muſt diſpleaſed that ſhe ſo rarene aboad
without leauue, whereby ſhe caught her shame, as many wan-
tous do, yet ſeing the caſe as it is remedleſſe, haue for common
honeſtie and shamefaſtneſſe new apparelled, trummed, and atti-
red her in ſuch forme as ſhe was before. In which better forme
ſince the hath come to me, I haue harbored her for her frenedes
ſake and her owne, and I do not doue her parentes the authoress
will not now be diſcontent that ſhe goe aboad among you good
readers, ſo it be in honeſt compaie. For ſhe is by my encou-
rageſt and others ſomewhat leſſe aſhamed of the diſhonestie
done to her because it was by fraude and force. If ſhe be wel-
come among you and gently enterteined, in fauor of the houſe
from whence ſhe is deſcended, and of her owne nature conte-
ouſly diſpoſed to offend no man, her frenedes wil thankē you
for it. If not, but that ſhe ſhall be ſtill reproached with her ſe-
mer miſlehap, or quarellē at by eniuious persons, ſhe geere
gentlewoman wil ſurclay Lucreces part, & of her ſelf die for
ſhame, and I ſhall wiſhe that ſhe had taried ſtil at home with
me, where ſhe was welcome: for ſhe did never put me to woe
charge, but this one poore blacke gowne lined with white that
I haue now geuen her to goe aboad among you withall.

A.ij.

¶ The

The names of the speakers.

Gorboduc, King of great Britaine.
Videna, Queene and wife to king Gorboduc.
Ferrex, elder sonne to king Gorboduc.
Porrex, yonger sonne to king Gorboduc.
Cloton, Duke of Cornwall.
Fergus, Duke of Albanye.
Mandud, Duke of Loegris.
Gwenard, Duke of Lumberland.
Eubulus, Secretarie to the king.
Arostus, a counsellor to the king.
Dordan, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest
sonne Ferrex.
Philander, a counsellor assigned by the king to his yon-
gest sonne Porrex.

{ Both being of the olde
kinges counsell before,
Hermon, a parasite remaining with Ferrex.
Tyndar, a parasite remaining with Porrex,
Nuntius, a messenger of the elder brothers death.
Nuntius, a messenger of Duke Fergus rising in armes.
Marcella, a lady of the Queens priuie chamber.
Chorus, soure auncient and sage men of Britaine.

CThe

CThe order of the domme shew before the first act, and the sig- nification therof.

First the Musick began to play, during which came in vpon the stage sixt wilde men clothed in leaues. Of whom the first bare in his necke a fagot of small sticke, whiche they all both severally and together assayed with all their strengthes to breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the sticke and brake it: And the rest plucking out all the other sticke one after an other did easly breake them, the same being seuered: Which being conioyned they had before attemped in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the Musick ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in vnitie deth continue strong against all force. But deung diuided, is easly destroyed. As befell vpon Duke Corbodus diuiding his lant to his two sonnes whiche he before held in Monarchie. And vpon the discentia of the brethren to whom it was diuided.

A.ijj. Actus

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Viden. Ferrex.



Iden. The silent night, that bringes
the quiet pawle,
From painfull trauailes of the
wearie day,
Prolonges my carefull thoughts,
and makes me blame
The slowe Aurore, that so for loue or shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face,
And now the day renewes my grieffull plaint.

Ferrex. O my gracious lady and my mother deare,
Pardon my grieve for your so grieved minde,
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.

Viden. So great a wrong, and so vniust despite,
Without all cause, against all course of kinde !

Ferrex. Such causelesse wrong and so vniust despite,
May haue redresse, or at the least, reuenge.

Viden. Neither, my sonne : such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mischappe and thine.

Ferrex. Mine know I none, but grief for your distresse.

Viden. Yes : mine for thine my sonne : A father ? no ;
In kinde a father, not in kindlinesse.

Ferrex. My father ? why ? I know nothing at all,
wherein I haue misdone vnto his grace.

Viden. Therefore, the more vnkinde to thee and mee.
For, knowing well (my sonne) the tender loue

That

That I haue euer borne and beare to thee,
He grieved thereat, is not content alone,
To spoile thee of my sight my chiefeſt ioye,
But thee, of thy birthright and heritage
Caufelſe, unkindly, and in wrongfull wise,
Againſt all lawe and right, he will bereave:
Haleſe of his kingdom he will geue away.

Ferrex. To whom?

Viden. Euen to Porrex his yonger ſonne,
Whose growing pride I do ſo ſore ſuspect,
That being raied to equall rule with thee,
Hee thinkes I ſee his eniuious hart to ſwell,
Filled with diſdaine and with ambitious hope,
The end the Goddes do know, whose altars I
Full oft haue made in vaine, of caruell ſlaine
To ſend the ſacred ſmoke to heauens throne,
For thee my ſonne, if thinges do ſo ſucceſſe,
As now my ielous minde miſdemeth loſe.

Ferrex. Madame, leauē care & carefull plaint for me,
Iuſt hath my father bene to every wight:
His first vniuice he will not extend
To me I truſt, that geue no caufe therof:
My brothers pride ſhall hurt him ſelfe, not me.

Viden. So graunt the Goddes: But yet thy father ſo
Hath firuely fixed his vnmoued minde,
That plaintes and prayers can no whit availe,
For thole haue I alſaied, but eu'en this day,
He will endeouour to procure alſent
Of all his counſell to his fonde deuife.

Ferrex. Their ancestors from race to race haue borne
True fayth to my forefathers and their ſeede:
I truſt they eke will heare the like to me.

A. iiiij. Viden.

Viden. There resteth all. But if they fail thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill successe:
On them and theirs the mischiefe shall befall,
And so I pray the Goddes requite it them,
And so they will, for so is wout to be.
When lordes, and trusted rulers vnder kinges,
To please the present fancie of the priuie,
With wrong transpose the course of gouernance,
Murders, mischiefe, or ciuill sword at lengh,
Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge,
When right succeding line returnes againe,
By loues iust iudgement and deserued wrath,
Bringes them to cruell and reprochfull death,
And rootes their names and kindredes from the earth.
Ferrex. Mother, content you, you shall see the end.
Viden. The end? thy end I feare, loue end me first.

Actus primus. Scena secunda.

Gorboduc. Arostus. Philander. Eubulus.

GOrb. My lords, whose graue advise & faithful aide,
Haue long vpheld my honour and my realme,
And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
Ruidyng so great estate with great renowme:
Nowe more impoereth mee, than erst, to vse
Your sayth and wisedome, whereby yet I reigne:
That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
The kingdome yet may with vnbroken course,
Haue certaync priuie, by whose vndoubted rytte,
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay,
And eke that they whome nature hath preparde,
In time to take my place in princely seate,

while

While in their fathers ty me their pliant yonch
Yeldes to the frame of l'kilfull gouernance,
Maye so be taught and trayned in noble artes,
As what their fathers whch hane reigned before
Haue with great fame deriuied downe to them,
With honour they may leauie vnto their seceder:
And not be thought for their unworthy life,
And for their lawlesse swariryng out of kinde,
Worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gaue:
But that they may preserue the common peace,
The cause that first began and still mainteines
The lyntall course of kinges inheritance.
For me, for myne, for you, and for the state,
Whereof both I and you haue charge and care,
Thus do I meane to vse your wondred fayth
To me and myne, and to your natvie lande.
My lordes be playne without all wrie respect
Of poysonous craft to speake in pleasyng wise,
Lest as the blame of yll succedyng thinges
Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Aroftus. Your good acceptance so (most noble king)
Of suche our faithfullnesse as heretofore
We haue emploied in duties to your grace,
And to this realme whose worthy head you are,
Well proveis that neyther you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall neede in boalting wise to shewe,
Our truch to you, nor yet our wakefull care
For you, for yours, and for our natvie lande.
Wherefore (O kyng) I speake as one for all,
Siche all as one do beare you egall fayth:
Doubt not to vse our counsells and our adies,
Whose honours, goods and lyues are whole auowed
To serue, to ayde, and to defende your grace.

Gorb. My lordes, I thanke you all. This is the case.
B. i. Ye

Ye know, the Gods, who haue the soueraigne care
For kings, for kingdomes, and for common weales,
Haue me two sonnes in my more lusty age,
Who nowe in my decayeng yeres are growen
Well towardes ryper state of minde and strength,
To take in hande some greater princely charge.
As yet they lyue and spende hopefull daies,
With me and with their mother here in courte.
Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
And myne also doth aske an other chaunge:
Theirs to more traualle, myne to greater easse.
Whan fatall death shall ende my mortall life,
My purpose is to leaue vnto them twaine
The realme diuided into two sondry partes:
The oide Ferre x myne elder sonne shall haue,
The other shall the yonger Porrex rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly stande,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I meane forthwith to place them in the same:
That in my life they may both learne to rule,
And I may ioy to see their ruling well.
This is in summe, what I woulde haue ye wryt:
First whether ye allowe my whole devise,
And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our countrey, mother of vs all:
And if ye lyke it, and allowe it well,
Then for their guydinge and their gouernance,
Shew forth such meanes of circumstance,
As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept.
Loe, this is all, now tell me your advise.

Aros. And this is much, and asketh great advise,
But for my part, my soueraigne lord and kyng,
This do I thinke. Your maiestie doth know,
How vnder you in justice and in peace,
Great wealth and honour, long we haue enjoyed;

So

So as we can not seeme with gredie mindes
To wylle for change of Prince or gouernauces.
But if we lyke your purpose and devise,
Our lyking must be deined to procede
Of rightfull reason, and of heedfull care,
Not for our selues, but for the common state,
Siche our owne state doth neede no better change;
I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide.
Firste when you shall vnloode your aged mynde
Of heire care and troubles manifolde,
And laye the same vpon my Lordes your sonnes,
Whose growing yeres may beare the burden long,
And long I pray the Goddes to graunt it so,
And in your life whyle you shall so beholde
Thei rule, their vertues, and their noble dedes,
Suche as their kinde behighteth to vs all,
Great be the profites that shall growe therof,
Your age in quiet shall the longer last.
Your lasting age shalbe their longer stay,
For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue ruled,
For publike wealth and not for priuate ioye,
Do wast mannes lyfe, and hasten crooked age,
With furrowed face and with enfeebled hymmes,
To draw on creeping death a swifter pace.
They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne
With greater ease, than one, nowe olde, alone,
Can wylde the whole, for whom muche harder is
With lessened strength the double weight to beare.
Your epe, your counsell, and the grane regarde
Of ffather, yea of such a fathers name,
Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
When is the hazarde of their whole successe,
Shall bridle su their force of youthfull heates,
And so restreine the rage of insolence,
Whiche most assailes the yonge and noble minds.

B.ij.

And

And so shall guide and traime in tempyed stay
Theiþer greene bending wittes with reverent awe,
As now inured with vertues at the first,
Custome(O king) shall bring delightfulnesse.
By vse of vertue, vice shall grove in hate,
But if you so dispose it, that the daye,
Which endes your life, shall first begin their reigne,
Great is the perill what will be the ende,
When such beginning of such liberties
Woide of liche stayes as in your life do lyce,
Shall leaue them free to randon of their will,
An open praie to traitorous flatterie,
The greateſt pestilence of noble youthe.
Whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life,
Theiþer tempyed youthe with aged fathers awe,
Be brought in vse of ſkilfull stayednesse,
And in your life their liues diſpoſed ſo,
Shall length your noble life in toyfulnesse.
Thus thinke I that your grace hath wilely thought,
And that your tender care of common weale,
Hath bred this thought, ſo to diuide your lande,
And plant your ſonnes to beare the preſent rule,
While you yet liue to ſee their rulinge well,
That you may longer liue by ioye therein.
What furder meanes behouefull are and meete
At greater leſure may your grace deuife,
When all haue ſaid, and when we be agreed
If this be best to part the realine in twaine,
And place your ſonnes in preſent gouernement.
Whereof as I haue plainly ſaid my mynde,
So woulde I here the reſt of all my Lordes.

Philand. In part I thinke as hath bene ſaid before,
In parte agayne my minde is otherwife.
As for diuiding of this realine in twaine,
And lotting out the ſame in egall partes,

To either of my lordes your graces sonnes,
That thynke I best for this your realnes behofe,
For profit and aduancement of your sonnes,
And for your conforte and your honour eke.
But so to place them, while your life do last,
To yelde to them your royll gouernaunce,
To be aboue them only in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I thinke not good for you, for them, nor vs.
This kingdome since the blondie ciull fielde
Where Morgan flaine did yeld his conquered parte
Unto his cosins sworde in Cumberland,
Conteineth all that whilome did suffise
Thre noble sonnes of your forefather Brute,
So your two sonnes, it maye suffise also.
The moe, the stronger, if they gree in one.
The smaller compasse that the realme doth holde,
The easier is the swey thereof to welde,
The nearer Justice to the wronged poore,
The smaller charge, and yet ymough for one.
And whan the region is diuided so,
That brethen be the lordes of either parte,
Such strength doth nature knit betwene them both,
In sondrie bodies by conioyned lone,
That not as two, but one of doubled force,
Eche is to other as a sure defence.
The noblenesse and glory of the one
Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde,
With vertuous ennie to contende for prale.
And such an egalnesse hath nature made,
Betwene the brethen of one fathers seede,
As ar vnkindly wrong it seemes to bee,
To thowbe the brother subiect vnder ferte
Of hym, whose peere he is by course of kinde,
And nature that did make this egalnesse,

B.ij.

¶¶¶

Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong,
That ofte she rayseth vp a grudginge griefe,
In yonger brethen at the elders state:
Wherby both townes and kingdomes haue ben rased,
And famous stockes of roiall bloud destroied:
The brother, that shoulde be the brothers aide,
And haue a wakefull care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, and blames the lyngering yeres
That draw not forth his ende with faster course:
And oft impatent of so longe delayes,
With hatfull slaughter he preuentes the fates,
And heapes a iust rewarde for brothers blooke,
With endlesse vengeance on his stocke for aye.
Suche mischifes here are wisely mette withall,
If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
Where none hath caule to grudge at others good.
But nowe the head to stoupe beneath them bothe,
Ne kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares.
And oft it hath ben seene, where natures course
Hath ben peruerterd in disordered wise,
When fathers ceale to know that they shoulde rule,
The children ceale to know they shouold obey.
And often ouerkindly tendernesse
Is mother of unkindly stubbornenesse.
I speake not this in enuie or reproche,
As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes,
whose honore I belch the Hoddes encrashe:
For yet as if I thought there did remaine,
So filthie rankers in their noble bresties,
Whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise)
Undoubted chyldren of so good a kyng.
Onelie I meare to shewe by certeine rules,
Whiche kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
That nature hath her ordre and her course,
Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state.

Of myndes and thinges, euen in the best of all.
By lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you.
Your owne example in your noble courte
Is fittest grayder of their yowthfull yeares.
If you desyre to see some present ioye
By sight of their well tulyng in your lyfe,
See them obey, so shall you see them rule,
Who so obeyeth not with humblenesse
Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
Longe maye they rule I do beseche the Goddes,
But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule.
If kinde and fates woulde suffre, I would wisshe
Them aged princes, and immortall kinges.
Wherfore most noble kynge I well assent,
Berwene your sonnes that you diuide your realme,
And as in kinde, so match them in degree.
But while the Goddes prolong your toyall life,
Prolong your reigne: for therto lyue you here,
And therfore haue the Goddes so long forborne
To ioyne you to them selues, that still you mighe
Be prince and fader of our common weale.
They when they see your children ripe to rule,
Will make them courte, and will remoue you hence,
That yours in righte ensuyng of your life
Maye rightly honour your immortall name.

Eub. Your wondred true regarde of faichfull hartes,
Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume,
To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
Although the same do not agree at all
With that which other here my lordes haue said,
Nor which your selfe haue seemed best to lyke.
Pardon I craue, and that my wordes be demed
To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your grace,
And to the safetie of your common weale.
To parte your realme vnto my lordes your sonnes,

B. viij.

J

I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worse of all for this our natuue lande,
Within onc land, one single rule is best:
Divided reynes do make diuided hartes.
But peace preserues the countrey and the prynce.
Suche is in man the gredy minde to reigne,
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly stage the statelyest partes to beare,
That faith and justice and all kindly loue,
Do yelde vnto desire of soueraignitie,
Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To wiuue the thing that either wold attaine.
Your grace remembreth how in passed yeres
The myghtie Brute, first pynce of all this lande,
Possessed the same and ruled it well in one,
He thinking that the compasse did suffice,
For his thre sonnes thre kingdome s eke to make,
Cut it in thre, as you would now in twaine.
But how much Brittish blond hath since bene spilt,
To ioyne againe the sondred vniue?
What prynces slaine before their tuncly houres?
What wast of townes and people in the lande?
What treasons heaped ou murders and on spoiles?
Whose iust reuenge euen yet is scarcely ceased,
Authefull remembraunce is yet rawe in minde.
The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe;
And you (O king) geue not the caule therof.
My Lord Ferrex your elder sonne, perhaypes
Whome kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope
To be your heire and to succede your reigne,
Shall thinke that he doth suffre greater wrong
Than he perchaunce will beare, if power serue.
Porrex the younger so vpraised in stale,
Perhaypes in courage will be raysed also.
If flatterie then, whiche sayles not to assaile

The

The tendre mindes of yet buskillfull youth,
In one shall kindle and encrease disdaine,
And enrie in the others hartc enflame,
This fire shall waste their lond, their lynes, their land,
And ruthefull ruine shall destroy them both.
I wilhe not this (O kyng) so to befall,
But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre.
Beue no beginning to so dreadfull ende.
Kepe them in order and obedience:
And let them both by now obeying you,
Learne such behauour as besemes their state,
The elder, myldenesse in his gouernance,
The yonger, a yelding contentednesse.
And kepe them neare unto your presence still,
That they restreyned by the awe of you,
May live in compasse of well tempred staye,
And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
Your aged life drawes on to febler tyne,
Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
The traualles that in youth you haue susteyned,
Both in your persones and your realnes defence.
If planting now your sonnes in furder partes,
You sende them furder from your present reach,
Lesle shall you know how they them selues demeane:
Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth,
Shall haue vnspied a muche more free accesse,
And if ambition and inflamed disdaine
Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,
To ciuil warre, or to usurping pride,
Late shall you tue, that you ne recked before.
Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
But not to liue still dreadlesse of the worst.
So trusse the one, that the other be forseen.
Arme not vnskilfulness with princely power.
But you that long haue wisely ruled the reynes

L. i.

Of

Of royaltie within your noble realme,
So holde them, while the Gods for our anayles
Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies.
To soone he clambe into the flaming carre,
whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.
Tyme and example of your noble grace,
Shall teach your sonnes both to obey and rule,
When tyme hath taught them, tyme shal make the place,
The place that now is full: and so I pray
Long it remaine, to comforte of vs all.

Gorboduc. I take your faithful harts in thankful part,
But sithe I set no cause to draw my minde,
To feare the nature of my louring sonnes,
Or to mideme that enni or dis daime,
Can there worke hate, where nature planteth loue:
In one selfe purpose do I still abide.
My loue extendeth egally to both,
My lande suffieth for them both also.
Humber shall parte the marches of theyr realmes:
The Sotherne part the elder shall possesse:
The Motherne shall Porrex the yonger rule:
In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,
Free from the trauaile and the painfull cares,
That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges.
But leſt the fraude, that ye do ſeeme to feare,
Of flatteryng tongues, corrupt their tender yonth,
And wrythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,
To cluyng pride, or to reuenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge,
Lewdely to lyue in wanton recklessness,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,
Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
To treade downe truth, or fauour false deceipt:
I meane to ioyne to eyther of my sonnes
Some one of thole, whose long approued faith

Aud

And widdome tryed, may well assure my harte:
That my thyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe
Into their fensed eares with graue advise.
This is the ende, and so I pray you all
To beare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie
That I haue founde within your faithfull brestes.

Arofus. You, nor your sonnes, our soueraign lord shal
Our faith and seruice while our liues do last. (Want,

Chorus. When settled stay doth holde the roiall thzone
In stedfast place, by knownen and doubtles right,
And chieflyly when dissent on one alone
Makes singule and unpaired reigne to light:
Eche chaunge of couple vnioynts the whole estate,
And yeldes it thrall to ruyne by debate.
The strenght that knit by faste accorde in one,
Against all forein power of nightrie foes,
Coulde of it selfe defende it selfe alone,
Disioyned once, the former force doth lose.
The sticks, that sondred brake so loone in twaine,
In faggot bounde attempted were in vaine,
Of tender minde that leades the partiall eye
Of erring parents in their chldrens loue,
Destroyes the wrongly loued childe therby.
This doth the prouide sonne of Apollo proue,
Who rashely set in chariot of his sire,
Inflamed the parched earth with heauens fire.
And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And chaunge the course of his distending towne,
And yeldes the reigne into his chldrens hande,
From blisfull state of ioyc and great renowne,
A myrtout shall become to princes all,
To learene to shunne the cause of such a fall.

C.ij. C The

C The order and signification of the domme shew before the se- cond acte.

CFirst the Musick of Cornettes began to playe , during which came in vpon the stage a King accompanied with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had placed him self in a chaire of estate prepared for him: there came and kneeled before him a graue and aged gentleman and offered vp a cuppe vnto him of wyne in a glasse , whiche the King refused. After hym commes a bzauc and lustrie yong gentleman and presentes the King with a cup of golde filled with poyson , whiche the King accepted , and drinking the same, immediatly fell downe dead vpon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his Lordes and gentelmen, and then the Musick ceaseth. Herby was signified, that as glasse by nature holdeth no poyson , but is cleare and may easly be seen through, ne boweth by any arte: So a faythfull counsellor holdeth no treason, but is playne and open , ne yowdeth to any vndiscrete affection, but giveth holosome counsell , which the yll aduis'd Prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filid with peyson betokeneth flattery , whiche bader faire seeming of pleauant wordes beareth deadly poyson, which destroyed the Prince that recepeth it. As befell in the two brethren Ferrex and Porrex, who refusing the holosome aduise of graue counsellours, credited these yong Paracites , and broughte to them selues death and destruction therby.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan.

FErrex. I meruaile much what reason ledde the king
My Father, thus without all my defert,
To reue me halfe the kingdome, which by course

Of

¶ law and nature shoulde renayne to me.

Hermon. If you with stuppeyn and vntamed pryde
Had stood against him in rebelling wise,
Or if with grudging minde you had enued
So low a lidyng of his aged yeres,
Or sought before your time to halfe the course
Of fatall death vpon his roiall head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn,
Some face of reason might perhaps haue seemed,
To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.

Ferrex. The wrekewful Gods powre on my cursed head
Eternall plagues and never dying woes,
The bellish prince, adudge my dampned ghost
To Tantale斯 thirste, or prounde Ixions wheele,
Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growing harte,
To durieng tormentes and unquenchd flames,
If euer I conceyued so foule a thought,
To wylle his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

Dordan. Ha yet your father (O most noble Prince)
Did euer thinke so fowle a thing of you.
For he, with more than fathers tendre loue,
While yet the fates do lende him life to rule,
(who long might lyue to see your ruling well)
To you my Lorde, and to his other sone:
Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie:
Whiche never would so wise a Prince haue done,
If he had once misdeemed that in your harte
There euer lodged so unkinde a thought.
But tendre loue (my Lorde) and settled truste
Of your good nature, and your noble minde,
Made him to place you thus in roiall thronc,
And now to geire you halfe his realme to guide,
Yea and that halfe whiche in abouinding store

Of things that serue to make a welthy realme,
In stately cities, and in frutefull soyle,
In temperate breathing of the mulder heauen,
In thinges of nedefful vse, which frendly sea,
Transportes by traffike from the foreine pottes,
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,
Doth passe the double value of the potte,
That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne.

Such is your case, such is your fathers loue. (loues.

Ferrex. Ah loue, my frendes loue wrongs not whō he
Dordan. He yet he wrongeth you, that geueth you
So large a reigne, ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdome by discended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex. Is this no wrong, say you, to reue from me
My natuie right of halfe so great a realme?
And thus to matche his yonger sonne with me
In egall power, and in as great degree?
Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride
Woulde never yelde olic point of reverence,
Whan I the elder and apparaunt heire
Stoode in the likelihode to possesse the whole,
Yea and that sonne which from his chidish age
Emmeth myne honour and doth hate my life.
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mardfull malice of his grudging hart,
Is armed with force, with wealth, and knigly state?

Hermon. Was this not wrong, yea yll advised wrong,
To giue so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,
To so great perill of so great mischappc,
Wide open thus to set so large a waye?

Dordan. Alas my Lord, what grieffull thing is this,

Thus

That of your brother you can thinke so ill?
I never saw him vitter likeliſt ſigne,
Wherby a man might ſee or once miſdeme
Such hate of you, ne ſuch vnyelding pride.
Ill is their counſell, shamefull be their ende,
That rayſing ſuch miſtrouſt ſcarc in you,
Sowing the ſeede of ſuch unkindly hate,
Trauail by treaſon to deſtroy you both.
Wile is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthe to welde a large and mighty realme.
So much a stronger frende haue you therby;
Whose ſtrength is your ſtrength, if you geue in one.

Hermon. If nature and the Goddes had pinched ſo
Theiſt flowing bountie, and theiſt noble giues
Of princelie qualitieſ, from you my Lordē,
And pownde them all at ones in waſtfull wiſe
Upon your faſhers yonger ſonne alone:
Perhaſps there be that in your preuidice
Would ſay that birth ſhould yeld to worthineſſe.
But ſiſt in eche good gift and princelie arte
Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
In miſdenesse and in ſobie gouernaunce
Ye farre ſurmount: And ſiſt there is in you
Hufcying ſkill and hopefull towardneſſe
To weſt the whole, and match your elders prayſe:
I ſee no cauſe why ye ſhould loſte the haleſe.
Ne would I wiſhe you yelde to ſuch a loſſe:
Lest your miſde ſufferaunce of ſo great a wronge,
Be deemed cowardiſhe and ſimplē dreade:
Which ſhall geue couraſe to the fierie head
Of your yonge brother to inuade the whole,
While yet therfore ſtikkis in the peopleſ minde
The loched wrong of your diſheritaunce,
And ere your brother haue by ſettled power,

By

By guile full cloke of an alluring shewe,
Got him come force and fauour in the realine,
And while the noble Duncene your mother lyues,
To worke and practise all for your auail,
Attempe redresse by armes, and wreake your self
Upon his life, that gaynereth by your losse,
Who nowe to shame of you, and griefe of vs,
In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you.
Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,
That they which hane anowed to spend theyr goods,
Their landes, their liues and honours in your cause,
May be the bolder to mauryne your parte,
When they do see that cowarde feare in you,
Shall not betray ne faille their faithfull hartes.
If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,
And pay the price of his usurped reigne,
Your mother shall perswade the angry kyng,
The Lords your frendes eke shall appease his rage.
For they be wise, and well they can ioyce,
That ere longe time your aged fathers death
Will byng a tyme when you shall well requite
Their frendlie fauour, or their haiefull spire,
Yea, or their slackenesse to auance your caule,
,, wise men do not so hang on passing stafe
,, Of pretent Princes, chiefly in their age,
,, But they will further cast their reaching eye,
,, To viewe and weape the tyme and reigne to come.
He is it likely, though the kyng be wrothe,
That he yet will, or that the realme will beare,
Extreme reuenge vpon his onely sonne.
Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
Be minister to such an enterprise?
And here you be now placed in your owne,
Anyd your frendes, your vassalles and your strength.
We shall defende and kepe your person safe,

Till

Will either counsell turne his tender minde,
Or age, or sorrow end his werie dayes.
But if the feare of Goddes, and secrete grudge
Of natures law, repining at the fact,
Withholde your courage from so great attempe:
Know ye, that lust of kingdones hath no law.
The Goddes do beare and well allow in kinges,
The thinges they abhore in rascall rountes.
, when kinges on slender quarrells runne to warres,
, And then in cruell and unkindely wise,
, Commanding theftes, rapes, murders of innocentes,
, The spoile of townes, rumes of mighty realnes:
, Thinke you such prynes do suppose them selues
, Subject to lawes of kinde, and feare of Godz?
Murders and violent theftes in priuate men,
Are hainous crimes and full of foule reproch,
Yet none offence, but deckt with gloriouſ name
Of noble conquestes, in the handes of kinges.
But if you like not yet so hote deuise,
Se list to take such vantage of the time,
But though with perill of your owne estate,
You will not be the first that shall inuade:
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And for your safetie stand vpon your garde.

Dordan. O heauen was there euer heard or knownen,
So wicked counsell to a noble prince?
Let me (my Lorde) disclose vnto your gracie
This hainous tale, what mischiefe it containes,
Your fathers death, your brothers and your owne,
Your present murder and eternall shame.
Beare me (O king) and suffer not to sinke
So high a treason in your princelly brest.

Ferrex. The mightie Goddes forbid that euer I
Should once conceaue such mischiefe in my hart.

D.L. Although

Although my brother hath bereft my realme,
And beare perhappes to me an hatfull minde:
Shall I reuenge it, with his death therefore?
Or shall I so destroy my fathers life
That gaue me life? the Gods forbid, I say.
Cease you to speake so any more to me.
Se you my frenid with answere once repeate
So foule a tale. In silence let it die.
What lord or subject shall haue hope at all,
That vnder me they safely shall enioye
Theire goods, their honours, landes and liberties,
With whom, neither one onely brother deare,
Se father dearer, could enioye their liues?
But sith, I feare my yonger brothers rage,
And sith perhappes some other man may geue
Some like advise, to moue his grudging head
At mine estate, which counsell may perchaunce
Take greater force with him, than this with me,
I will in secrete so prepare my selfe,
As if his malice or his lust to reigne
Breake forth in armes or sodeine violence,
I may withstand his rage and keepe mine owne.
Dordan. I feare the fatall time now draweth on,
When ciuil hate shall end the noble line
Of famous Brute and of his roiall seede.
Great loue defend the mischices now at hand.
That the Secretaries wise advise
Had erst bene heard when he besought the king
Not to diuide his land, nor send his sonnes
To further partes from presence of his court,
Se yet to yelde to them his gouernaunce.
Lo such are they now in the roiall thone
As was rash Phaeton in Phebus carre.
Se then the fiery sledes did draw the flame

with

With wilful randon through the kindled skies,
Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about
The yowthfull heades of these vnskilfull kinges.
But I hereof their fater will enforme,
The reuerence of him perhappes shall stay
The growyng mischies, while they yet are greene.
If this helpe not, then woe vnto them selues,
The prince, the people, the diuided land.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda.

Porrex. Tyndar. Philander.

P Orrex. And is it thus? And doth he so prepare,
Against his brother as his mortall foe?
And now while yet his aged fater liues?
Neither regardes he him? nor feares he me?
Warre would he haue? and he shall haue it so.

Tyndar. I saw my selfe the great prepared stope
Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there,
Ie bring I to my lorde reported tales
Without the ground of seen and searched trouth.
Loe secrete quarrels runne about his court,
To bring the name of you my lorde in hate.
Ech man almost can now debate the cause,
And aske a reason of so great a wrong,
why he so noble and so wise a prince,
Is as vnworthy rest his heritace?
And why the king, misledde by craftie meanes,
Divideth thus his land from course of right?
The wiser sort holde downe their grieffull heades,
Eche man withdrawes from talke and company,
Of those that haue bene knowne to fauour you.

D.ij.

To

To hide the mischiefe of their meaning there,
Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
The rascall numbers of vnskilfull sort
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secrete I was counsellec by my frendes,
To hast me thence, and brought you as you know
Letters from thole, that both can truly tell,
And would not write vntesse they knew it well.

Philand. By lord, yet ere you moue unkindly warre,
Send to your brother to demand the cause.
Perhappes some traitorous tales haue filled his eares
With false reportes against your noble grace:
which once discloed, shall end the growing strife,
That els not stayed with wise forelight in time
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your lives.
Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex. Kidde me of feare: I feare him not at all:
He will to him, ne to my father send.
If danger were for one to tary there,
Thinke ye it safetie to returne againe?
In mischieses, such as Ferrex now intendes,
The wonted courteous lawes to messengers
Are not obstrued, which in iust warre they use.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusly frendes to him,
That haue disclosed his treason vnto me?
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not.
Or shall I to the king my father send?
Yea and send now, while such a mother liues,
That loues my brother, and that hateth me?
Shall I geue leasure, by my sonde delayes,
To Ferrex to oppresse me all vntware?
I will nof, but I will invade his realme,

And

And seeke the traitour prince within his court.
Mischief for mischief is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treat, and send and pray,
And holde my ylden thoate to traitours knife?
While I with valiant minde and conquering force,
Wight rid my selfe of foes : and winne a realme?
Yet rather, when I haue the wretches head,
Then to the king my father will I send.
The boordesle case may yet apeale his wrath:
If not, I will defend me as I may.

Philand. Lo here the end of these two youtchful kings,
The fathers death, the ruine of their realmes.
,, O most vnhappy state of counsellers,
,, That light on so vnhappy lordes and tuncs,
,, That neither can their good advise be heard,
,, Yet must they beare the blanes of ill successe.
But I will to the king their father haste,
Ere this mischiefe come to the likely end,
That if the mindfull wrath of wickefull Gods,
Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeased
With these poore remnantes of the Troian name,
Haue not determined by brunoued fate
Out of this realme to rase the Brittilhe line,
By good advise, by awe of fathers name,
By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
May yet be quentched, ere it consume vs all.

Chorus. When youth not bridled with a guiding strop
Is left to randon of their owne delight,
And wold whol realmes, by force of soueraign sway,
Great is the daunger of unmaistred might,

D. iii.

Le

Actus tercius. *Scena prima.*

Gorboduc.Eubulus.Arostus.Philander.Nuntius.

Orb. O cruel fates, O mindful wrath of Goddes,
Whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames
Flowing with bloud of Trojan princes slaine,
Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranck with corpses dead
Of Asian kynges and lordes, can yet appeale,
Ne slaughter of vnhappye Pryams race,
Nor Ilions fall made leuell with the soile.
Can yet suffice; but still continued rage
Pursues our lynes, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troye.
,, Oh no man happy, till his ende be seene.
If any flowing wealth and seemyng ioye
In present yeres might make a happy wighte,
Happy was Hecuba the wofullest wretch
That euer lyued to make a myrrour of,
And happye Pryam with his noble sonnes.
And happye I, till nowe alas I see
And feele my most unhappye wretchednesse.
Beholde my lordes, read ye this letter here.
Loe it concerns the ruine of our realme,
If timelie spedde prouide not hastie helpe.
Yet (O ye Goddes) if euer wofull kyng
Might moue ye kings of kinges, wreke it on me
And on my sonnes, not on this guttissh realme.
Send down your wasting flames fro wrathful skies,
To reue me and my sonnes the hauenfull breach.
Read, read my lordes: this is the matter why
I called ye nowe to haue your good aduise.

D.iii.

C The

Than you him gaue aboue his natine right:
Joyne with the iuster side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.

Eub. What meanech this? Loe yonder comes in hast
Philander from my lord your yonger sonne.

Gorb. The Goddes sende ioysfull newes.

Phil. The mightie loue
Preserue your maiestie, O noble king.

Gorb. Philander, welcome; but how doth my sonne?

Phil. Yone sonne, sir, lyues, and healthie I him leste.
But yee (O king) the want of lustfull health
Could not be halfe so grieefull to your grace,
As these most wretched tidynge that I byug.

Gorb. O heauens, yet more; not ende of woes to me.

Phil. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the courte
Of Ferrex, to my lord your yonger sonne,
And made reporte of great prepared store
For warre, and layth that it is wholly ment
Agaynst Porrex, for high disdayne that he
Lyues now a king and egall in degree
With him, that claueneth to succede the wholle,
As by due title of descending right.
Porrex is nowe so set on flaning fire,
Hartely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,
Hartely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,
That he in hast prepareth to inuade
His brothers land, and with vinkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your elder sonne,
He could I him perswade that first he shold
Send to his brother to demaunde the caule,
Nor yet to you to stacie this hatefull strife.

E.i. wherfore

It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme thereof,
That louyng loue hath tempreid so the tyme
Of this debate to happen in your dayes,
That you yet lyuing may the same appeaze,
And adde it to the glori of your latter age,
And they our sonnes may learme to live in peace.
Beware (O king) the greatest harne of all,
Lest by your waylefull plaints your hastened death
Yelde larger coune unto their growing rage.
Preserue your life, the onely hope of stay.
And if your hignes herein list to vse
Wildoyme or force, counsell or knighthly aide:
Loe we, our persons, powers and lyues are yours,
Vse vs till death, O king, we are your owne.

Eub. Lo here the perill that was erst foresene,
When you, (O king) did first decide your lande,
And yelde your preuent reigne unto your sonnes,
But now (O noble prince) now is no tyme
To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull life.
Now is the tyme for present good advise.
Sowre doth darke the iudgement of the wytte.
,, The hart vnbroken and the courage free
,, From feble faintnesse of bootelesse despeite,
,, Doth either rysle to safetie or renowme
,, By noble valure of vnuanquisht minde,
,, O! yet darke perishe in more happy soz.
Your grace may send to either of your sonnes
Some one both wise and noble personage,
which with good counsell and with weightie name,
Of fater, shall present before their eyes
Your hest, your life, your safetie and their owne,
The present mischiefe of their deadly strife.
And in the while, assemble you the force
which your cominaundement and the spedy hast

E.ij.

DE

The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull site
The mournefull plaintes, to wast his very life.
Thus do the cruell flames of ciuyll fier
Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife.
And hence doth spring the well from whch doth flow
The dead black stremes of mourning, plaines & woe.

C The order and signification of the domme shew before the fourth act.

First the musick of Howbeies begā to plaie, during which there came from under the stage, as though out of hell three furies. Alecto, Mezera, and Cœliphore, clad in black garmentes sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heds spred with serpentes in steed of heare, the one bearing in her hand a Snake, the other a Whip, and the third a burning firebrand: egh drawing before them a king and a queene, which moued by furies vnnaturally had slaine their owne children. The names of the kings & id quenes were these. Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambyses, Althea, after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrise, they departed and than the musick ceased: hereby was signified the vnnaturall murders to follow, that is to say. Porrex slaine by his owne mother. And of king Gorbodus and queene Viden, killed by their owne subiectes.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Viden sola.

VId. Why shold I lyue, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distresse?
O me most wofull wight, whom no mishappe
E. iii. Long

I ned in thy brest, that nothing els could like
Thy cruel tyranes thought but death and bloud:
Wilde sauage beasts, mought not their slaughter serue
To fede thy gredie will, and in the middest
Of their entrailes to staine thy deadly handes
With bloud deserued, and drinke thercof thy fill?
Or if nougnt els but death and bloud of man
Mought please thy lust, could none in Britaine land,
Whose hart herteine out of his panting brest
With thine owne hand, or woxe what death thou
Suffic to make a sacrifice to peaze (wouldest,
That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee?
But he who in the selfe same wombe was wrapped,
Where thou in dismal hower receivedst life?
Or if nedes, nedes, thy hand must slaughter make,
Moughtest thou not haue reached a mortall wound,
And with thy sword haue pearced this cursed wombe,
That the accursed Ferrex brought to light,
And geuen me a iust reward therefore?
So Ferrex yet sweete life mought haue enjoyed,
And to his aged father comfort brought,
With some yong sonne in whom they both might lieue.
But whereunto waste I this ruthfull speche,
To thee that hast thy brothers bloud thus shed?
Shall I still chirke that fro this wombe thou sprong?
That I thee bare? or take thee for my sonne?
No traitour, no: I thee refuse for mine,
Murderer I thee renounce, thou art not mine.
Neuer, O wretch, this wombe conceiued thee,
Nor never bode I painfull thowes for thee.
Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
Nor to no wight, that sparke of pitie knew.
Ruthelesse, vnkinde, monstre of natures worke,
Thou never suckt the milke of womans brest,
But from thy birth the cruell Tigers teates

E. iii. Hauie

As iust reuenge of thy detested crime.
No : we shold not offend the lawe of kinde,
If now this sworde of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murdered him, whose heinous death
Euen natures force doth moue vs to reuenge
By bloud againe : and iustice forceth vs
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet sehens thou art our childe, and lith as yet
In this hard case what woorde thou canst alledge
For thy defence, by vs hath not bene heard,
We are content to stayne our will for that
Which iustice biddes vs presently to worke,
And gene thee leane to vse thy speche at full
If ought thou haue to lay for thyme excuse.

Porrex. Neither O king, I can or will denie
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath rest:
Whiche fact how much my dolcfull hart doth waile,
Oh would it monght as full appere to sight
As inward griefe doth poure it forth to me.
So yet perhappes if euer ruchefull hart
Welting in teares within a manly brest,
Through depe repentance of his bloudy fact,
If euer grieve, if euer wofull man
Might moue regreite with sorowc of his fault,
I thinke the torment of my mournefull case
Knownen to your grace, as I do feele the same,
Would force euen wrath her selfe to picke me.
But as the water troubled with the mudde
Shewes not the face whiche els the eye shoud see.
Euen so your icefull minde with stirred thought,
Can not so perfectly discerne my cause.
But this vnhappe, amongest so many heapes,
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to my selfe I must reserue my woe

F.i.

In

Seing that realme, whch by discent shold grow
Wholly to him, allotted halfe to me?
Euen in your highnesse court he now remaines,
And with my brother then in nearest place,
Who can record, what prooфе thereof was shewde,
And how my brothers eniuious hart appearde.
Yet I that iudged it my part to secke
His fauour and good will, and loth to make
Your highnesse know, the thing which shold haue
Grief to your grace, & your offence to him, (brought
Hoping my earnest sute shold soone haue wonne
A louing hart within a brothers brest,
Wrought in that sort that for a pledge of loue
And faithfull hart, he gaue to me his hand.
This made me thinke, that he had banisht quite
All rancour from his thought and bare to me.
Such hartie loue, as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your graces court,
And from your highnesse presence lained apart,
This egall rule still, still, did grudge him so
That now those eniuious sparkes which erst lay raked
In living cinders of dissembling brest,
Kindled so farre within his hart dusaine,
That longer could he not restraine from prooфе
Of secrete practise to despise me life
By poysons force, and had bereft me so,
If mine owne seruant hired to this fact
And moued by trouth with hate to woake the same,
In time had not bewrayed it vnto me.
Whan thus I sawe the knot of loue vnknotte,
All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
The law of kinde and trouth thus rent in twaine;
His hart on mischiche set, and in his brest
Blacke treason hid, then, then did I despise
That ener time could winne him friend to me.

F. ii. Then

In other sort against your hart penuale,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assayes
The armed brest where force doth light in vainc.

Gorbod. Many can yelde right sage and graue advise
Of patient spryte to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speche both rule and conquerre kinde,
who if by prooфе they myght feele natures force,
would shew them selues men as they are in dede,
which now wil nedes be gods. But what doth meane
The soray chere of her that here doth come?

Marcella. Oh where is ruth? or where is pitie now?
whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony brestes,
Neuer to make returne? is all the world
Drowned in bloud, and soncke in crucicte?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not (alas) within the mothers brest,
To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and bloud,
If cuthe be banished thence, if pitie there
May haue no place, if there no gentle hart
Do live and dwell, where shold we secke it then?

Gorb. Madame(alas)what meanes your woful tale?

Marcella. O sillie woman I, why to this houre
Haue kinde and fortune thus defterred my breath,
That I should lue to see this dolefull day?
Will evir wight beleue that such hard hart
Coulde rest wichen the cruel mothers brest,
With her owne hand to slay her onely sonne?
But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They saw the dreyf sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloody fact.
Perrex (alas) is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand, a wofull thing to tell,

O what a enthefull stedfast eye me thought
He fixt vpon my face, which to my death
Will never part fro me, when with a braide
A deepe set sigh he gaue, and therewithall
Glasping his handes, to heauen he cast his sight,
And straight pale death pressing within his face
The syng ghost his mortall corpes forsooke.

Arostus. Neuer did age bring forth so vile a face.

Marcella. O hard and cruel happe, what thus assynd
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruel hart, that could consent
To lend the hatefull destenies that hand,
By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought.
O Queene of adamant, O marble brest,
If not the fauour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenance,
His valiant actine armes, his manly brest,
If not his faire and seemly personage,
His noble limenes in such proportion cast
As would haue wrapt a sillie womans thought,
If this mought not haue moued thy bloudy hart.
And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
Euen to let fall, and kisse him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reauie such one by death:
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe?
Euen loue with iustice must with lightning flames
Frō heauen send downe some strange reuenge on thee,
Ah noble prince, how oft haue I behelde
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling steede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistresse sene tied on thy helme,
And charge thy stiffe to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head pece of thy frendly foe?

How

The times before recorde, and times to come
Shall finde it true, and so doth present prooife
Present before our eyes for our behoofe.
O happy wight that suffres not the snare
Of murderous minde to tangle him in blood.
And happy he that can in time beware
By others harmes and turne it to his good.
But wo to him that fearing not to offend
Doth serue his lust, and will not see the end,

C The order and signification of the donne shew before the fift act.

First the drommes & flutes began to sound, during which there came forth vpon the stage a company of Bargabuliers and of Armed men all in order of battaile. These after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drommes and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, armes and ciuill warres to follow, as fell in the realme of great Brittanay, which by the space of fiftie yeares & more continued in ciuill warre betwene the nobilitie after the death of king Godboduc, and of his issues, for want of certayne licacion in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwealio Molunatus, who reduced the land to monachie.

Aetus quintus. *Scena prima.*

Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Fergus. Eubulus.

Lot. Did ever age bring forth such tirants harts?
The brother hath bereft the brothers life,
The mother she hath died her cruell handes
In bloud of her owne sonne, and now at last
The people doe forgetting trouth and loue,

G.i. Con-

In fame and wealth, haue ben to ruine brought,
I pray to loue that we may rather waple
Such happe in them than wretchednes in our selues.
Eke fulli with the duke my minde agrees,
Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,
Yet subiectes must obey as they are bounde.
But now my lordes, before ye farther wade,
Or spend your speach, what sharpe reuenge shall fall
By justice plague on these rebellious wightes,
We thinkes ye rather shoud firsche search the way,
By which in tyme the rage of this vproare
Shought be represled, and these great tumults ceased.
Euen yet the lise of Britayne land doth hang
In traitours balauince of vnegall weight.
Thinke not my lordes the death of Gorboduc,
Nor yet Videnaes bloud will cease their rager:
Euen our owne lyues, our wiues and chidren deate,
Our countrey dearest of all, in daunger standes,
Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
And by our selues a conquest to ensue.
For geue once swey vnto the peoples lustes,
To rush forth on, and stay them not in tyme,
And as the stremme that rowleth downe the hyll,
So will they headlong romme with raging thoughtes
From bloud to bloud, from mischiefe vnto moe,
To ruine of the realme, them selues and all,
So giddy are the communon peoples mindes,
So glad of chaunge, more wauering than the sea.
Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebelles haue,
what hugic nombre is assembled still,
For though the traiterous fact, for which they rose
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field
So that how farre their furies yet will stretch
Great caule we haue to dreade. That we may seeke
By present battaile to represse their power,

B.ij. Speede

With stuppey hertes cannot so farre auayle,
As to allwage their desperate courages.
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
As present age and eke posterite
Shay be adrad with horrour of renenge,
That iustly then shal on these rebels fall.
This is my lord the summe of mine advise.

Clotyn. Neither this case admittes debate at large,
And though it did, this speach that hath ben sayd
Hath well abridged the tale I wold haue tolde.
Fully with Eubulus do I consent
In all that he hath sayd: and if the same
To you my lordes, may seeme for best advise,
I wish that it shold streight be put in vse.

Mandud. My lordes than let vs presently depart,
And follow this that liketh vs so well.

Fergus. If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
Were offred man, now it is offred nice.
The reahne is rest both of their king and queene,
The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead,
No issue now remaines, the heire unknowen,
The people are in armes and mutynies,
The nobles they are busied how to creafe
These great rebellious tumultes and vproares,
And Britayne land now desert left alone
Amyd chese bryoles vncertayne where to rest,
Offers her selfe unto that noble hart
That will or dare pursye to heare her crowne.
Shall I that am the duke of Albanye
Discended from that line of noble bloud,
Whiche hath so long flourished in worthy fame,
Of valiaunt hertes, such as in noble brestes
Of right shold rest aboue the the baser sort,

What iuste reward these traitours still receyue,
Yea though them selues haue sene depe death & bloud,
By strangling cord and slanghter of the sword,
So such assynd, yet can they not beware,
Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,
But suffring loe fowle treason to distaine
Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,
Reiect all truthe and rise against their prince.
A ruthefull case, that those, whom dutyes bond,
Whom grafted law by nature, truthe, and faith,
Bound to preserue their countrey and their king,
Worne to defend their common wealth and prince,
Euen they shold geue consent thus to subuert
Thee Buttaigne land, & from thy wombe shold spring
(O nature sole) those, that will needs destroy
And ruyne thee and cke them selues in fine.
For lo, when once the dukes had offred grace
Of pardon sweete, the multitude misledde
By traitorous fraude of their vngracious headez,
One sort that saw the dangerous successe
Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre,
And knew the difference of princes power
From headlesse nombre of tumultuous routes,
Whom common countries care, and priuate feare,
Taught to repent the errour of their rage,
Layde handes vpon the capaines of their band,
And brought them bound vnto the myghtie dukes.
And other sort not trusting yet so well
The truth of pardon, or mistruing more
Their swone offence than that they could conceiue
Such hope of pardon for so foule misdede;
Or for that they their capaines could not yeld,
Who fearing to be yeldeed fled before,
Stale home by silence of the secret nught,
The thirde unhappy and enraged sort

B. iii.

Of

My trauayle mought performe some good effect,
Wentred my life to bring these tydinges here.
Fergus the iughtie duke of Albanye
Is now in armes and lodgeth in the fielde
With twentie thousand men, bethir he bendes
His spedye marche, and mindes to imade the crowne.
Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abyode
That to this realme no certeine heire remanes,
That Britayne land is lefe without a guide,
That he the steeper seekes, for nothing els
But to preserue the people and the land,
Whiche now remaine as shyn without a sterne.
Loe this is that whiche I haue here to say.

Clyton. Is this his sayth? and shall he falsely thus
Abuse the vantage of vnhappie times?
O wretched land, if his outragious pride,
His cruell and vntempred wilfulnesse,
His deepe dissimbling shewes of false pretence,
Should once attaine the crowne of Britaine land.
Let vs my lordes, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we wold quench the flames of common fire.

Mand. Thongh we remaine without a certain prince,
To wuld the realme or guide the wanding rule,
Yet now the common mother of vs all,
Our nativie land, our countrey, that conteines
Our wiues, chilidren, kindred, our selues and all
That euer is or may be deare to man,
Cries vnto vs to helpe our selues and her.
Let vs aduaunce our powers to repreesse
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwenard. Yea let vs so, my lordes, with hasty speede.
And ye (O Goddes) send vs the welcome death,

H.i.

To

To gredie lust and to vsurping power,
Then, then (my lordes) if euer kindly care
Of auncient honour of your auncesters,
Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,
Yea of the liues and safetie yet to come
Of your deare wifes, your children, and your selues,
Might moue your noble hartes with gentle ruth,
Then, then, hane pitie on the toyme estate,
Then helpe to salue the welicare hopelesse sore
Whiche ye shall do, if ye yowr selues withholde
The slaying knife from your owne mothers throte.
Her shall you save, and you, and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbeare
Once to lay hand or take vnto your selues
The crowne, by colour of pretended right,
Or by what other meanes so euer it be,
Till first by common counsell of you all
In Parliament the regall diademe
Be set in certaine place of gouernance,
In which your Parliament and in your chioise,
Preferre the right (my lordes) with respect
Of strength or frendes, or what souer cause
That may set forward any others part.
For right will last, and wrong can not endure.
Right meane I his or hers, vpon whose name
The people rest by meane of natvie line,
Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
Already made their title to aduaunce.
Such one (my lordes) let be your chosen king,
Such one so boxe within your natvie land,
Such one preferre, and in no wise admittre
The heauie yoke of forreine gouernance,
Let forreine titles yelde to publike wealth.
And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare
Thus to withstand the proude invading foe,

D. H. with

And children fatherlesse shall weape and waile,
With fire and sworde thy natyne folke shall perishe,
One kinsman shall bereave an others life,
The father shall bywisting slay the sonne,
The sonne shall stay theire and know it not,
Women and maides the cruell souldiers sword
Shall perse to death, and litte children loe,
That play in the streeces and fieldes are found,
By violent hand shall loose their latter day.
Whom shall the fierce and bloudy souldier
Reserue to life? whom shall he spare from death?
Even thou (O wretched mother) halfe alue,
Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
Slaine with the sworde while he yet suckes thy brest,
Loe, guiltless blond shall thus eche where he shed.
Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite,
But dearthe and famine shall possess the land.
The townes shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
The peopled cities shall waxe desolate,
And thou, O Britaine, whilome in renowme,
Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,
Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed,
These be the frutes your euill warres will bring.
Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent
To graue advise, but followe willfull will.
This is the end, when in fonde princes hartes
Flattery preuailes, and sage rede hath no place.
These are the plages, when murder is the meane
To make new heires unto the roiall crowne.
Thus weike the Gods, when that the mothers wrath
Hought but the blond of her owne childe may swage.
These mischefes spring when rebels will arme,
To worke revenge and iudge their princes fact.
This, this ensues, when noble men do fail.

B. iii.

In

